



"I just have this one old carry-on bag."

APRIL 2018 Volume 44 Number 12 HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM



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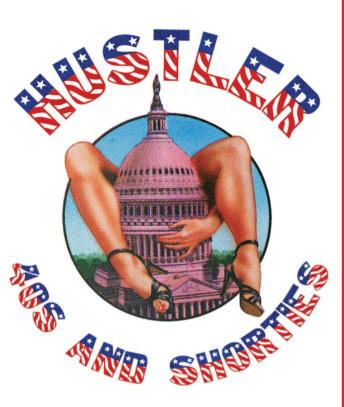
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SEXUAL AWAKENING

USTLER Magazine started in 1974, when the sexual revolution was in full swing. Landmark victories for real personal freedom were won back then—the right to pursue happiness of any flavor without stigma and persecution. Now in our 44th year, I am witnessing a different kind of sexual awakening. It started with comedy icon Bill Cosby and has cascaded to the downfall of many prominent men in politics, entertainment and the media: Harvey Weinstein, Charlie Rose, Matt Lauer, Trent Franks, John Conyers, Al Franken and the welcome electoral defeat of alleged serial predator Roy Moore.

Women too intimidated to speak out in the past are now coming forward in droves, and the men who once got away with this abuse are falling like dominoes. This is a sea change, and it will mean greater freedom from coercive sexual harassment in the workplace—another long overdue advance for civil rights and equal justice in our society.

But there is also a level of hysteria and premature judgment in some of these cases. In our legal system, an accusation is not a presumption of guilt. America is governed by the rule of law. The Sixth Amendment guarantees the right to a fair jury trial, but many of these cases have been tried in the media and court of public opinion, with no appeal.

So where is the line to be drawn, between real harassment/ coercion and a relatively innocent hug? Are we going to condemn all physical contact? Also, the reality of false accusations by disgruntled former lovers is not unheard of.

Yes, Al Franken's indiscretions crossed the line, but he has not been accused of assault, rape or molesting an underage girl—and there is a big difference. Franken has disputed several of the allegations, but nevertheless he did the honorable thing and resigned. Which is what we should expect now from our serial Abuser in Chief, accused by a whopping 19 women of sexual assault or misconduct.

Don't hold your breath waiting for Donald Trump to do anything honorable. Still, the pressure is definitely rising, and we can hope that this new sexual awakening will eventually flush the moron bully out of the White House.

For that possibility, and the certain progress being made against sexual harassment, we should all be grateful.

Long I by I

Larry Flynt Publisher



SABOTAGING MIDDLE EAST PEACE

WHILE A PROBE TARGETS TRUMP'S TIES TO RUSSIA, THE PRESIDENT'S MOST INFLUENTIAL PAL MAY ACTUALLY BE IN THE HOLY LAND.

erhaps Donald Trump will be driven from office because of the much-ballyhooed claims by the Democrats that he and his cohorts colluded with Russians in stealing the 2016 election. So far the hard evidence is underwhelming, but really, who's calling the kettle black? Ironically, outrage is emanating from the very nation that has led the world in meddling in other nations' elections.

It seems to have taken a backseat in history books, but American money helped launch Vladimir Putin's rise to power. In 1996 the pro-West Boris Yeltsin, who had a low approval rating, was running against a candidate from what remained of the old Soviet Union's Communist Party. Thanks to a well-financed media blitz and dirty tricks, Yeltsin won, only to unexpectedly resign and appoint Putin as his successor.

But irony has never effectively tempered a witch hunt once it is fully underway. Even though communism is dead as a doornail in Russia, a little Red-baiting goes a long way for Democrats still in shock from losing the White House to a buffoon of an opponent. The problem is that when it comes to finding impeachable offenses, Trump's foreign connection may actually be to the State of Israel, which the Democrats are loath to attack, rather than Russia.

That's the astonishing—and grossly underreported—story lurking within the lengthy, multimillion-dollar investigation by Special Counsel Robert S. Mueller III. For all of the noise about Russia's alleged interference in the election of Donald Trump, Putin's government has gotten little from his administration, while the Benjamin Netanyahu-led government of Israel has scored big time. Yes, Israel! Now, there's a country that knows a thing or two about manipulating Americans elections.

Back in 2015, while addressing the U.S. Congress, the Israeli prime minister shattered protocol by blasting President Barack Obama's nuclear weapons agreement with Iran. That became a torch for Trump to run with once he replaced Obama. During the 2016 election campaign and his first year in office, Trump harshly criticized the Iran deal. In October 2017 he finally disavowed it. Two months later Trump did something even more significant and controversial: He broke precedent by becoming the first U.S. President to officially recognize Jerusalem as the capital of Israel.

Although barely reported, the Israel connection is at the heart of the criminal charges leveled by Mueller against Michael T. Flynn, the hapless retired general and Trump Administration's short-lived national security adviser. Agreeing to coop-

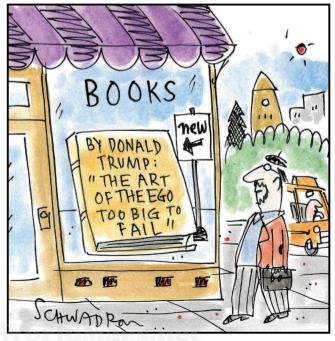
erate with the Russia inquiry affer pleading guilty, Flynn no doubt will be asked to testify as a compelling witness against the President he briefly served. In his plea agreement, Flynn admitted that during an interview with the FBI, he "made materially false statements and omissions" regarding his contacts with foreign governments while serving as a senior member of President-elect Trump's transition team.

The least significant "offense" involves Flynn's lobbying on behalf of the government of Turkey as part of his private consulting business. The most publicized concerns Flynn's denial under oath that he had a discussion with the Russian ambassador urging him to not escalate the situation after lame-duck President Obama imposed new sanctions on Russia in response to alleged Russian interference in the 2016 election.

The third instance of Flynn's contact with foreign governments only incidentally relates to Russia, but it was certainly driven by Israeli lobbying. The matter concerned a U.N. Security Council resolution proposed by Egypt, which once again denounced Israel's settlements in the West Bank land it first occupied after the 1967 Six-Day War. The Obama Administration was planning to abstain from the vote. According to Flynn's plea agreement, "a very senior member of the Presidential Transition Team" [reportedly Jared Kushner, Trump's son-in-law] directed Flynn to contact officials from foreign governments, including Russia, to learn where each government stood on the resolution and "to influence those governments to delay the vote or defeat the resolution." Russia and the other Security Council members that were contacted ultimately snubbed Flynn's request.

But don't be surprised if Trump's carrying water for Israel continues to be ignored. Two days after Flynn pleaded guilty, Kushner was the guest of honor at a forum sponsored by the Center for Middle East Policy. He was introduced by Israeli-American billionaire Haim Saban, the center's original founder and a major Democratic Party contributor. Exonerating Kushner's role in the Flynn affair, Saban declared, "As far as I know, nothing illegal there, but I think that this crowd and myself want to thank you for making that effort [to defend Israel]. So thank you very much."

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.





"When will all the haters and fools out there realize that having a relationship with Russia is a good thing?!"

DON'T JUST MARCH. RUN!

PROTESTS ARE FINE. TAKING OVER THE GOVERNMENT ITSELF IS EVEN BETTER.

ince the ascension of a batty, obnoxious and brain-addled Fox "News" watcher to the Presidency of the United States, Americans have hit the streets to protest his dangerous, corrupt policies in record numbers. Take the Women's March on January 21, 2017, which had a far bigger turnout in Washington, D.C., than Donald Trump's inauguration the day before.

The protest movement in this country has experienced an awakening since Trump took office. The outraged masses have helped to curb some of the worst excesses of his administration, most notably by loudly discouraging the long-promised repeal of the Affordable Care Act (Obamacare).

With lawmakers, the courts and even the electoral system itself now seemingly undermining the promise of representative American democracy, and the so-called American Dream along with it, it's easy to get discouraged. The system seems impossibly stacked against the will of We the People. It favors a plutocratic corporatocracy that has perverted our institutions and the rule of law to ensure that the rich get even richer and that the middle class and poor continue to get screwed.

Protesting the President—who promised to "drain the swamp" and remember the forgotten middle class, only to muddy our government with even more swamp dwellers, vultures and corporate bloodsuckers—is swell. Voting Trump and his facilitators out of fice is better. But having a candidate who shares your concerns is the best of all. That person may well be you. In other words, don't just march. Run!

The progressive wave in the November 2017 off-year elections in Virginia and other states proved that first-time candidates—several under 35 and representing an array of demographics—could not only run for office, but could even defeat long-entrenched incumbents. We saw it in the Virginia House of Delegates, as well as in mayoral and city council races in state after state. Since no one ever tried to unseat them, many of the booted officials had become accustomed to running without opposition for years. In late 2017 that began to change. In 2018 the change must become a tidal wave in order to somehow restore what's left of our republic. It will begin at the ground level. And perhaps with you.

Following the nightmarish 2016 elections, a number of progressive activists deemed it was time to abandon the elitist and failed Democratic Party's electoral strategy: running only well-funded professionals for high office in locations where the party believed money would give its candidates the competitive advantage needed to win.

Amanda Litman lambastes that idea in Run for Something: A Real-Talk Guide to Fixing the System Yourself. "I'm angry at a system that makes it so hard to run for office and at a party that perpetually encouraged rich lawyers to run and then seems shocked to find itself without a diverse pipeline of talent," she writes. "But very little angers me more than people who complain endlessly without offering solutions or trying to fix the problem."

So Litman, a former Hillary Clinton campaign worker, and political operative Ross Morales Rocketto created Run for Something. Their progressive advocacy group encourages and assists millennials, members of underrepresented minorities and other civic-minded citizens who are eager to step up and become candidates for public office.

"Forget about Congress," Litman advises. "Focus on the offices that actually get shit done state legislatures, city councils, school boards and mayorships. Look at who's leading the resistance: the local officials who truly understand their communities." She also notes that "more than 40% of state legislative races in 2016 were uncontested." That must chance. Litman insists.

Rocketto told me, "What we're really trying to do is recruit and support the next generation of progressive Democrats running down-ticket. We think that 2018, for example, is going to be the year of the down-ballot candidates....The way that we win back Congress, and the way that we

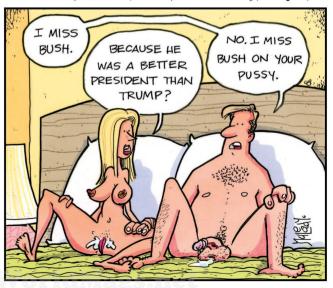
take back state legislatures, is by focusing on folks at the local level."

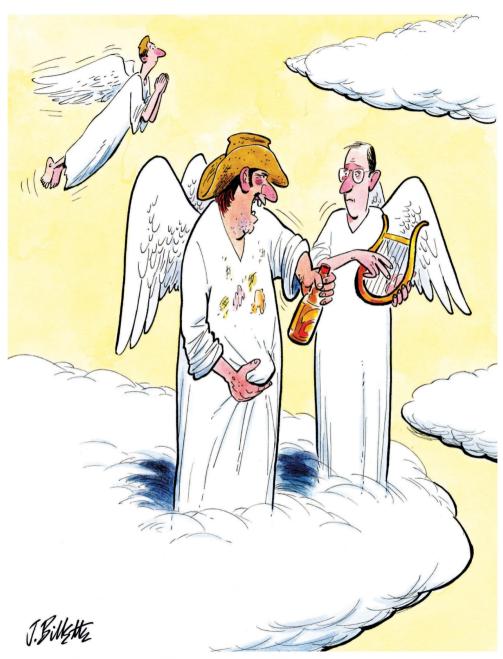
Rocketto added, "One of the most effective ways to make a difference in your community is to run for office locally. If you aren't happy with your schools, you can run for your school board. If the road outside your house has potholes, or doesn't get plowed when it snows, you can run for city council.... In a lot of communities a lot of the issues that are there aren't necessarily Democratic or Republican. They're problems that people need solved in their daily lives. And what they really need is people to come in there who are passionate and solve them."

The strategy is paying off. More than 30 of Run for Something's endorsed candidates won last November—about 40% of those it supported. "We have plans to endorse over a thousand candidates around the country," Rocketto declared, "and recruit at least 50,000 people who've told us they are interested in running for office." (For more info, visit RunForSomething.net.)

"I don't want to sugarcoat this: Running for office is really fucking hard," Litman warns. "Do it anyway. Run for office. Even though it's hard, even though you might lose, and even if you're scared—especially if you're scared—if you care about the future of our country and our democracy, you need to run. You can do this. You really don't have a choice."

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).





"Hey, partner—I just got here, and I have looked everywhere! Where are the hookers?!"

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

hen retired four-star Marine general John Kelly was installed as Trump's chief of staff, there was a huge sigh of relief across the land, it seemed that the "adult day care

land. It seemed that the "adult day center," as Republican senator Bob Corker called the White House, was finally going to be supervised by someone who had at least an inkling of how to run a country.

Kelly did put some new restrictions on Trump's romper room, limiting which cronies and idiots had access to his ear. And he appeared appropriately disturbed listening to some of Trump's absurd rants. But the hope that he was a white knight rescuing the nation from our bloviating Dufus in Chief has thoroughly soured by now; Kelly has turned out to be more of a bootlicker than a boot camp disciplinarian. And he's 100% gung ho on Trump's whole MAGA (Make America Gag Adain) agenda.

The bloom came off the rose after yet another of Trump's verbal farts—this time into the face of a Gold Star widow whose husband, Army Sergeant La David Johnson, was killed on a mission in Niger. Like the crude jackass that he is, Trump allegedly told her, well, hey, "he knew what he was signing up for." Which is true, of course, but it sounds more like some Mafia don regretting a whacked capo than a Presidential condolence to a grieving widow. He reportedly made Myeshia Johnson cry and couldn't even remember her hus-

band's name.

Given Trump's thinly concealed racism, we have to wonder if he might have remembered La David Johnson's name if he were white instead of black. Frederica Wilson, the black Democratic congresswoman representing the district where the Johnsons lived, blasted Trump for his gross insensitivity. And that's when Kelly stepped out of his hidey-hole. blasting back at Wilson for daring to criticize his commander in chief. He even lied when he claimed Wilson bragged about snagging federal money for her district under Obama, calling her an "empty barrel making the most noise." The video of the event in question actually showed Wilson bragging not about money for the new FBI building, but about getting it named after Ben Grogan and Jerry Dove. the two agents killed in the notorious 1986 Miami FBI shootout. That's how you truly honor fallen warriors, sir: their names engraved for all eternity on a big public building. Somewhat more genuine than Trump's shitty blurt: He got what he asked for.

But the real problem with Frederica Wilson, in Kelly's eyes? She's a mere civilian. "We don't look down upon those of you that haven't served," he said after a series of statements celebrating America's military culture and dissing the humble civilians who dare criticize it. We've never gone to war "to build empires, or enslave peoples, but to free

tens Comt so-good

JOHN KELLY

those held in the grip of tyrants," Kelly rhapsodized in a 2010 Veterans' Day rant. "The only territory we as a people have ever asked for from any nation we have fought alongside, or against, since our founding, the entire extent of our overseas empire, are a few hundred acres of land for the 24 American cemeteries scattered around the globe."

Check that with the Iroquois, Cherokee, Seminole, Sioux, Comanche and about a hundred other native tribes, General. They have a differing opinion about our noble aversion to land-grabbing. You could also ask the Filipinos, Afghans and Iraqis about our virtues. We've had troops invading, bombing and occupying the latter two countries for over 15 years, as thoroughly as the British did in their old colonies. And why are American troops stationed in nearly 800 military bases in over 70 countries and territories worldwide? If it looks and quacks like an empire...

Yes, we've got the biggest, baddest military on Earth; it fears only one thing—peace. That's why Kelly and his fellow generals have to repeat George W. Bush's crap blast about terrorists. Here's Kelly's version: "I don't know why they hate us, and I don't care. Our enemy is savage, offers absolutely no quarter and has a single focus, and that is either kill every one of us here at home or enslave us..." And we are winning the endless War on Terror, he tells us, but all our success is being suppressed "by the media elite that then sets up the know-it-all chattering class to offer their endless criticism." Consider this, General: If the endless bullshit wars ever cease, then so will the endless criticism.

Soon Kelly was also weighing in on the Confederate monuments controversy with this bowel movement: "I would tell you that Robert E. Lee was an honorable man.... But the lack of an ability to compromise led to the Civil War, and men and women of good faith on both

sides made their stand where their conscience had them make their stand." In fact, there were several compromises before that horrible conflict erupted: slaves designated as three-fifths of a human being, the Missouri Compromise and the Kansas-Nebraska Act. But in the end there could be no compromise with the absolute evil of human slavery that the South refused to relinquish. As the great civil rights activist W.E.B. Du Bois said about Lee, "Either he knew what slavery meant when he helped maim and murder thousands in its de-

fense, or he did not. If he did not, he was a fool," Continuing his warped nostalgia for the notso-good old days. Kelly dumped another reeking turd: "When I was a kid growing up, a lot of things were sacred in our country. Women were sacred and looked upon with great honor. That's obviously not the case anymore, as we see from recent cases," Right, Women were put on a pedestal, but they couldn't really object to sexual harassment, get birth control or abortions, get credit in their own names, work in many professions, and were subject to a hundred other indignities. They were chained to that "sacred" pedestal like a slave to an auction block. And how "sacred" are women in the military today? One in three in the armed services has been sexually assaulted, and the highest rate was in the Marine Corps while Kelly was a senior officer for the Leathernecks, Great work, General!

Before his current job, Kelly was the Secretary of Homeland Security, where he fully supported Trump's Muslim ban, reversed Obama's humane immigration policies and began ratcheting up deportations of noncriminal undocumented immigrants. He even suggested splitting up mothers and children at the border to deter them—a cruel practice reminiscent of slavery.

Before installed in the DHS job, Kelly failed to disclose on the ethics form his board memberships with two defense contractors, Michael Baker International and Sallyport Global, which speaks volumes about his real priorities—keeping the obese military-industrial complex swimming in gravy and fattening his own portfolio.

As current manager of Trump's bubble, he'll filter out any voices for peace while stoking Trump's stupid belligerence, all to keep the profitable war juggernaut in the Middle East rolling. For this and all of his other throwback attitudes, John Kelly earns our promotion to five-star Asshole.

LET PORN BE MY ARMOR



Resolving neighborly tensions is no fun. Some people choose mediation, while others leave passive-aggressive letters in the mailbox. Then there's Donald Gene Gaither of Oklahoma, whose epic rampage makes Michael Douglas's turn in *Falling Down* seem like a baby's tantrum in comparison.

Gaither, 49, who looks like Charlie Manson on a bad day, was arrested last November for allegedly attempting to stab his neighbor. According to locals, the animosity between the two had been building for weeks, culminating in Gaither accusing one Troy Bagley of getting him kicked out of a trailer park in Pontotoc County.

But "attempted stabbing" does not nearly do justice to how it went down. In his own words, Gaither went into full-on "survival mode" and taped a stack of porno mags around his torso as body armor. Then, wielding a total of four serious-looking knives and "a large weight attached to a lanyard," he beckoned Bagley to "come out and get some."

At least he came by his skills honestly—Gaither had done hard time for aggravated assault and battery, robbery, possession of stolen property and extortion. He reportedly told officers he had "been to prison and knewl what to do to protect himself."

But what titles did this very, very troubled man entrust his life to? What spank mags did he hope would prevent his guts from spilling down onto the dusty ground? A police photo shows an upside-down copy of *Playboy* covering a good swath of his intestines, which just goes to show how intent he was on dying...because that is some weak-ass shit.

PAN PAN, THE BANGING PANDA

Unless you've been living under a rock in a cave on Mars, you'd know that March 16 is National Panda Day. And as you celebrate the majesty of nature's bamboo-loving clowns, take a somber moment this year to remember an extraordinary bear who changed the goddamn world.

The term "insatiable fuck machine" is thrown around all too casually these days, but in describing the legacy of Pan Pan, it fails miserably in capturing the virile legacy of history's most genetically prolific captive panda.

Pan Pan, who died of cancer in 2016 at the ripe old age of 31, was not only the oldest-known living male but also the single greatest genetic contributor to the species' captive population. Just to give you a sense of how far his seed has spread: Of the 520 pandas currently living in zoos and research centers, Chinese officials say that more than 130 of them are the progeny of China's greatest lover. What makes this story even more remarkable is the fact that mating pandas in captivity is challenging at best. Both males and females live solitary

lives in the wild, only coming together once a year. Pandas typically prove resistant to captive breeding—but where other males failed, Pan Pan was the Incredible Hulk of bear banging, siring a daughter just six months after his arrival at Wolong Nature Reserve in 1991. By 2006, he had baby-daddy'd more than 30 cubs.

Before Pan Pan, conservation experts thought that extensive artificial insemination would be required to help sustain their dwindling



numbers. "Hold my beer," he replied, rolling up his fuzzy sleeves and getting down to work.

Seriously though, this guy literally fucked pandas out of extinction, moving them from "endangered" to the slightly less worrisome "vulnerable." He was really amazing at sex, and used that skill to give his fellow pandas the hope of continued existence. A statue would be nice, but we'll settle for a commemorative plaque on the Great Wall.



WAITER, THERE'S A FLY ON MY PENIS

Hypothetical question: Where is the last place you'd want to encounter nudists? The office comes to mind... public transit... any family get-together really. But ultimately, anywhere they serve food, right? So naturally Parisians decided it was high time to ruin fine dining for everyone with their wrinkly, rude genitals.

As reported by The Local (France), O'naturel is located on a guiet side street in southwest Paris and is billed as the French capital's first nudist restaurant. Here's what you need to know: There are rules. Minors must be accompanied by adults and are allowed to keep their clothes on in the dining room, but everyone else has to leave their clothes in the cloakroom. Overt voveurism and/or exhibitionism will not be tolerated, though it's unclear how one would enforce the latter.

Absolutely, positively no phones. This is a pretty obvious one, but to be clear, photos are a huge no-no. Diners are shielded from passersby and gawkers by a large white curtain.

Is this a legit restaurant? By the sounds of it, yes. O'naturel "boasts a minimalist decor" and upscale French bistro cuisine: A three-course meal of lobster, foie gras and snails with parslev cream sauce will set you back 49 euros (\$57.50 USD).

Seriously though, isn't this a health code disaster waiting to happen? Apparently there are safeguards in place to maintain proper hygiene. Patrons are provided with slippers, while women—who make up 40% of the clientele—may keep their heels on. By law, staff must be dressed. Perhaps most importantly, chair covers are discreetly changed between sittings to curtail the transference of taint residue and/ or ball sweat.

THE "FITBIT" FOR YOUR DICK

As if we needed any help ana-

lyzing our sexual performance, the i.Con is

here to remind us just how hopelessly average we really are.

Developed by a PHOTO COURTESY BRITISHCONDOMS.UK British company, the

i.Con Smart Condom is actually a reusable, adjustable black ring worn at the base of the condom. It's outfitted with an integrated micro USB port for charging, with charges lasting about six to eight hours...so maybe buy two if you're feeling tantric.

Like a Fitbit, the i.Con collects all sorts of fun data based on your physical performance: duration of intercourse, calories burnt, number and speed of thrusts, girth measurements, as well as different positions used per week, month or year (currently BETA-testing this last one: how is anyone's quess).

But wait, there's more! It also helps detect sexually transmitted diseases such as chlamydia and syphilis (though that burning discharge is pretty hard to miss) and will set you back about \$80. But of course, as with all Bluetooth devices (sex toys included), there is the issue of privacy-specifically, who has access to your data and how it is protected. I mean, thrust ratio and girth are about as personal as it gets.

The developers maintain that all info will be kept anonymous, and

that users "have the option to share their recent data with friends or. indeed, the world."

Wait—the world? Are we looking at the nascent stages of a global database cataloging every conceivable sexual metric? More importantly, does it come in cerulean blue?



"Our marriage counselor was right—we were putting too much emphasis on the bedroom!"



The Best Medicine

Man, am I excited! Your July '13 back issue just arrived, and I will never sell it. I've been subscribing to HUSTLER Magazine since 1994, and I have most issues from the '70s on. What I do is look at them twice, then leave them in a backing board and a mag bag I get at a comic book store.

All I'm saying is that I love your mag. Please keep up the great work you do. HUSTLER has brought much joy and laughter to my life, which hasn't always been easy, since I suffer from a serious muscular disorder. So thank you, Larry Flynt, for being a soldier for free speech and making me laugh with all your racy jokes and cartoons. People need to laugh at themselves, and your mag does that for me.

—Justise Walker Bellingham, Washington

We Trump Politics

Please do us all a favor and lay off the heavy-handed treatment of President Donald Trump. I am a lifelong Democrat who voted Republican for the first time ever because I cannot stand Hillary Clinton! More swamp corruption, lies, war and murder if she had been elected. Please tell Larry Flynt that I own every issue of HUSTLER from July '74 to the present. —Jay M. Cheektowaga, New York

We don't plan on curbing our contempt for Trump, but we do appreciate our first two letter writers' decades of devotion to HUSTLER.

In Bed With Mia

I just received the November '17 HUSTLER, the third issue of my subscription. What a great issue, starting with Mia Malkova on the cover. I would love to pull her ass cheeks apart and stick my nose, tongue, fingers and cock into both of her beautiful love holes. Mia's layout was awesome, and I'd love to help her fulfill her fantasy of getting DPed.

I would like to see Mia and Alix Lovell [October '17] doing a photo session together. I think they're the sexiest big-butted gals in porn. Even better would be seeing them in a threeway with Misty Lovelace [November '17], even though I'm not sure Misty is bi. I've had photos of the three of them lying side by side on my bed the last few nights while writing this letter naked. — K.C.

Anamoose, North Dakota

Foxy Gift

Please give us more of Kimberly Fox [December '17]. She's incomparable and ravishing—feminine loveliness



"You've heard that old expression 'You are what you eat.' If that's true, I'm a vagina!"



to the max. Wow! Kimberly has the whole package. She's a beauty and a winner! What a fabulous Christmas present. I also have some New Year's suggestions for our government: Bring back the Peace Corps, and increase funding for the homeless and senior citizens and for researching life sciences.

—Joe the Air Force DAV (Disabled American Veteran) Boston, Massachusetts

Larry's Louvre

I haven't heard much about Larry Flynt lately and am hopeful his hillbilly ass is doing all right. Hell, I'm from along the Ohio River, and I grew up around skanky moonshine and bluegrass music. One time I even went to the Bill Monroe homestead in Rosine, Kentucky, For you fancy California fuckers, Bill Monroe is "The Father of Bluegrass Music."

It got me thinking about the rundown shack where Larry grew up in Magoffin County, Kentucky. I believe it would be cool as heck for HUSTLER to make a Larry Claxton Flynt homestead site for people to visit. It would be funny as fuck, yet respectable and historical too.

There could be a large statue of a chicken near the creek where, according to his autobiography An Unseemly Man, Larry "wrung its neck" after he fucked it. The shack, or a replica, would be just like a museum. Tijuana bibles [vintage pomographic comic books] and rubber chickens with Fleshlights in them could be placed on Larry's fake childhood bed, along with

copies of HUSTLER to foreshadow his future fornications and pornifications.

There could also be TV screens showing *The People vs. Larry Flynt* on an endless loop, a copy of the Holy Bible, a leather-bound edition of *Jerry Falwell v. Larry Flynt: The First Amendment on Trial* and jugs of moonshine in every corner.

—Lee Paxton

Coraopolis, Pennsylvania

Megan Booster

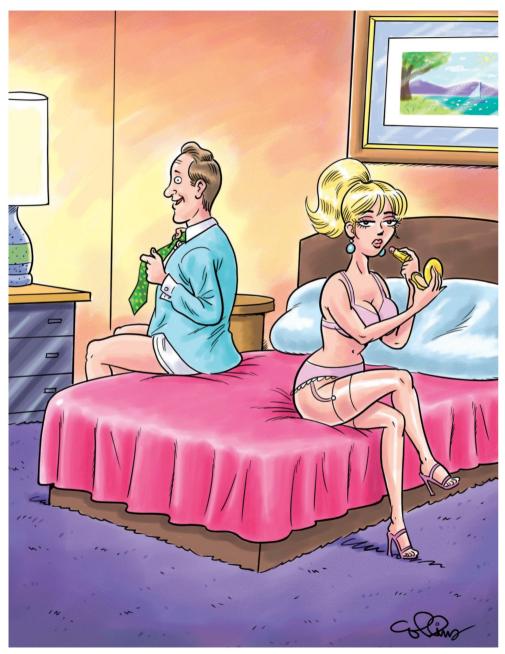
This letter will be unusually short but to the point. There is no question who's the most beautiful and sexiest woman in your December '17 issue. Megan in Beaver Hunt. She is the perfect blonde to be in a porn magazine. Her long, golden locks are darling, and her double Ds in front are exactly the right size to stare at while jerking off to HUSTLER. I'd love to see Megan graduate from Beaver Hunt to the centerfold very quickly. —Bill Smith Chicago, Illinois

Big & Little Ones

I moved lots as a kid, with my dad being a Mountie. My hometown was a number of places, the most memorable being Beaverlodge, Alberta. All that's there is a five-way stop and the world's largest beaver statue—a much less exciting kind of beaver than those who appear in your magazine every month. My favorite is cutie pie Alice Little [June '17]. Thank you for bringing her back with Roxanne Price in the January '18 Beaver Hunt.

—Stephen M. Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada

Congratulations to Lee Paxton from tongue-twister Coraopolis, Pennsylvania, for sending in our Feedback Letter of the Month. He'll be receiving a nice gift from HUSTLER. Want to be our next winner? Send your letter (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email it to HUSTLER@LFP.com. Be sure to indicate your hometown and a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"Can I ask you something? How does my cum taste? I mean, in your professional opinion."



















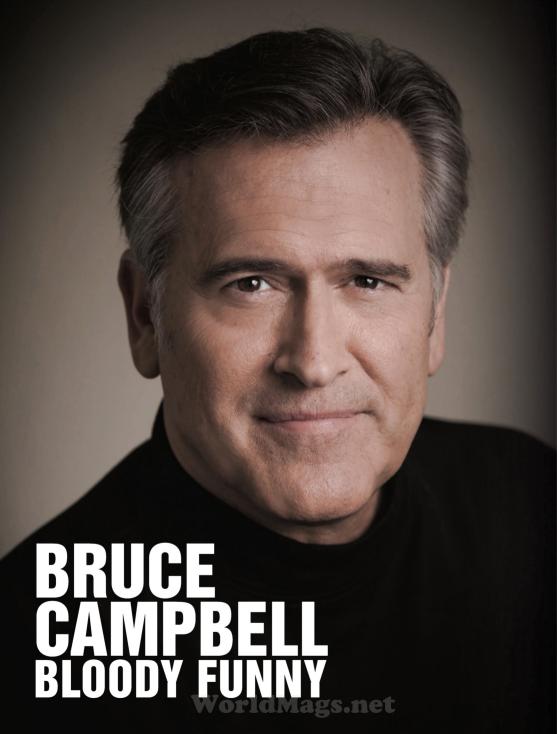












BRUCE CAMPBELL HAS BEEN KILLING IT AS ASH WILLIAMS IN THE EVIL DEAD FRANCHISE FOR **NEARLY FOUR DECADES. HE FIRST DECAPITATED** DEADITES IN THE 1981 CULT CLASSIC THE EVIL DEAD. MURDERED MANY MORE IN THE 1987 SEQUEL **EVIL DEAD 2, AND CONTINUED THE HEAD-HACKING** SPREE IN THE TRILOGY'S 1992 CONCLUSION, ARMY OF DARKNESS. SINCE THEN CAMPBELL HAS ALSO BECOME A NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLING AU-THOR. TAKEN A STAR TURN ON USA'S BURN NOTICE AND PLAYED A VITAL CAMEO ROLE IN EACH OF SAM RAIMI'S THREE SPIDER-MAN MOVIES, STILL. HE WILL SURELY ALWAYS BE KNOWN AS THE MUR-DEROUS ASH, THE DEMON KILLER WHO'S NEVER TOO BUSY SLAYING MONSTERS WITH A BUZZING CHAINSAW THAT HE CAN'T DROP A QUIP OR RAISE AN EYEBROW. WITH SEASON 3 OF ASH VS EVIL **DEAD SET TO PREMIERE ON STARZ. THE MAN WHOSE** TWITTER MONIKER IS @GROOVYBRUCE CHATTED WITH HUSTLER ABOUT THE OREGON COMPOUND HE CALLS HOME, HIS WINK MARTINDALE DREAMS AND WHY BLOODY AND FUNNY DON'T HAVE TO BE MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE.

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY STARZ ENTERTAINMENT LLC.

USTLER: Is it true that after nearly 40 years of Ash Williams slaying Deadites, in Season 3 we're about to see the man's softer side?

BRUCE CAMPBELL: Heck, yeah! You're gonna see a paternal side, even a responsible side, God forbid. But yes, it's time to add a little more depth to the character. In Season 2 we met Ash's dad, Lee Majors, and adding a daughter this season is gonna heighten the stakes in the world of demons. Those bastards are like the Mafia: They go after your family if they can't get to you, so Ash's daughter in Season 3 instantly becomes a target.

Speaking of Lee Majors, he had a memorable role in Season 2 but ultimately didn't make it. He was in one scene, and then wham-o, his brains were literally falling out of his skull.

Well, yeah, in Ash's wake there are usually a lot of bodies [laughs].

It was actually touching how that went down, with Ash sort of delicately picking up his father's entire brain and trying to stick it back into his smashed skull.

Yeah, ha ha, Ash was just trying to save his father. But Lee Majors will be back as Ash's dad this year, although maybe that's just to give advice from beyond the grave.

And Season 3 has an evil stuffed animal too?

Yes, from demons. Poor Cougie the Cougar, the school mascot, gets possessed. It's gonna be brutal.

Speaking of brutal, why do you think people are such fans of a show that is *sooo* bloody?

Look, I think it's just so over-the-top that it doesn't even matter anymore. It's just one of those things, sort of a bloodfest or a bloodbath, so much so that it's almost an orgasmic experience. I've never really liked grim horror myself, the stuff that has no sense of humor and is very protracted. I'm for having fun with the genre, and that's really what we're trying to do. So we tell our writers to remember that we're supposed to be doing 50% horror but also 50% humor.

Still, not being too subtle in terms of the horror, right?

No, I think it's as bloody as you can probably get. It's essentially unrated television.

Is that because you're on cable?

Yeah, we have zero content restrictions. Zero! That was one of the key aspects of making the decision to work with Starz. When we were pitching the show, we asked the question of all our suitors—we were like, "What are the content restrictions?"

The other cable channels you talked to had restrictions?

Absolutely, oh, yeah. I mean, I worked on *Burn Notice*, and cable TV would let your character smoke and drink, but there were still things you couldn't say and couldn't do. Of course network television is even worse. So we were very pleased, with *Ash vs Evil Dead*, to work with



a premium channel like Starz, where they just didn't have the same standards and practices they had to abide by.

$\label{thm:continuous} \textbf{You're saying Starz has no particular standards and practices?}$

Yeah, ha, that's it. But look, Ash is a very antihero guy. He's very inappropriate, and that's what I like about him. The guy gets drunk.

He gets wasted. He was smoking angel dust last season while grieving the loss of a friend, so this guy is very damaged goods, and that's why I love it. That's why I love him. You know, heroes can be boring to play. I've turned down hero parts because the bad quy was the better role. I've taken bad guv parts over good guy parts, but Ash to me, written as he is, is just the every man. He's you fighting evil. He has no special powers or skills whatsoever, which is why people can root for him.

And he's funny too!

Well, you know, Ash calls it like he sees it.

Okay, but given everything on the show—the blood and sex and drugs and death—what does it all mean, Bruce? What's the message?

It's a hero's journey-

Wait—what? That question was totally tongue in cheek!

It is. It's the Joseph Campbell journey. Ash is at his core a mythical character who is written about in an ancient book, so we're actually going to explore that mythology in Season 3, the story of who Ash is and

what his purpose is, which is cool. I think it adds another dimension to that world.

Tell us how the whole Evil Dead franchise came to be.

Very lumpily, very unplanned. We made the first *Evil Dead* in 1979 and then made our second film, which bombed. So we made a second *Evil Dead*, which did well. We did one sequel in the '80s; then we did another one in the '90s. *Army of Darkness*. We spent a lot of money on

it and went over budget and just had a lot of problems. And it killed the franchise. Then there was a sort of DVD resurgence. They were doing all these DVD extras in the '90s, and that really brought *Evil Dead* back for a lot of people. The movies got repackaged and sent out, and it became like the good old days, almost nostalgic. So finally we did a remake of the original in 2013, which

did well worldwide, but people still seemed to want the real thing. At the time Rob Tapert had just finished Spartacus and I'd just finished Burn Notice, so we convinced Sam Raimi to adjust his thinking, to think about Ash vs Evil Dead as a TV show instead of another movie. Sam wrapped his head around that, directed the pilot, and away we went. Now we're three seasons in with Ash vs Evil Dead and hoping to aet more.

"LOOK. ASH IS A VERY ANTIHERO GUY. HE'S VERY INAPPROPRIATE. AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT HIM. THE GUY GETS DRUNK. HE GETS WASTED. HE WAS SMOKING ANGEL **DUST LAST SEASON** WHILE GRIEVING THE LOSS OF A FRIEND. SO THIS GUY IS VERY DAMAGED GOODS, AND THAT'S WHY I LOVE IT.

THAT'S WHY I LOVE HIM."

Spider-Man director Sam Raimi was a childhood friend?

Sam and I met in high school, in drama or radio/ speech class, and found out we had similar interests. We pretty much immediately started making amateur movies together on weekends. Then we met some other guys, so about three neighborhoods joined together, and we each combined our assets, our cameras and our lights. I have to say we were incredibly industrious. We weren't out getting drunk every weekend or chasing the ladies -we made about 40 of these little movies. It was the whole gamut, anywhere from ten minutes long to an hour and a half. It was

war movies, comedies, slapstick, but they were mostly just really zany movies.

This was Detroit in the '70s?

Yeah, suburban Detroit, where Jimmy Hoffa was kidnapped, that sort of place. We did shit like we'd come in and shoot a Super 8 movie a week after he got kidnapped. We would reenact it and get kicked out. You could say we were like Jackass with a plot. >>

But did you guys maybe have a cabin up there in northern Michigan, maybe some kind of terrible experience out there in the woods? Is that where the inspiration for *Evil Dead* came from?

Ha, not at all. Sam Raimi was at Michigan State for a very short time, and I think he came across something about a Sumerian Book of the Dead. I think he was studying H.P. Lovecraft. We had made a bunch of movies together, but they were all comedies. Then after high school we sort of looked at each other and thought, What are we actually gonna do here? Are we gonna make movies for real? And we thought that if so, if we were really gonna make a movie, horror was the way to go. Horror movies you can make for cheap, we thought, and they didn't have to have any name actors or anything. So we kinda got into the horror side of this only because we thought it was a safe bet. The three of us, me and Sam and Rob, none of us were really gore hounds. But we thought if we were gonna enter that world, we had to be no-holds-barred. We sort of

did our own research about what movies were playing then, so we went to see *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* at a drive-in, and we realized these movies had to be really relentless to work. Once the horror starts, you can't let it stop. Then we sort of patterned *Evil Dead* after some of the movies we were seeing at the drive-ins.

The backstory you always hear about the first *Evil Dead* is that it was a low-budget film, but \$350,000 seems like a lot of money for 1979.

[Laughs.] It was a lot of money! It was totally a lot of money. Ya know, my parents were the first investors. They each invested 10,000 bucks, and they didn't have that lying around. They really kinda had to dig that up. But we ran into enough people

who had money in suburban Detroit, because there was money there at the time. The auto industry did leave a lot of money in people's pockets in those days, so we found the right combination of investors. Of course, when we went down to shoot in Tennessee, we were completely underfunded. We were not fully raised at that point, but we had enough money in the bank that the investors just let us go ahead early. They let us shoot it underfunded, so that kinda led into a three-year struggle to get the movie completed. None of this was easy. This was a slog. This was five grand or ten grand at a time. We had to put on our salesmen hats, which is what I think a lot of modern filmmakers don't realize. You should learn to find money, raise money. It's a pretty key aspect to what you do.

But to summarize, at the time you were a bunch of high school grads with no real film experience going around trying to raise

money to make a movie?

Yeah, and in Detroit, where you don't make movies-you make cars!

Skipping forward a few decades, you've had quite the long and successful acting career, but was getting in Sam Raimi's *Spider-Man* movies the moment you sold out?

[Laughs.] Yeah, right. No, that was just me being delighted that my buddy Sam was doing these giant movies and me calling him up going, "Hey, you can't make these without me!" I said, "You gotta get me in there somewhere." So it's been fun coming in there to torture Spider-Man. I just had these little small parts, but they were critical. I named Spider-Man in the first one, I beat him in the second one, and I partner with him in the third one. They were all actually critical roles, albeit small ones.

On IMDb your nicknames are "The Chin" or "B-Movie Bruce." Tell

us, who is the real Bruce Campbell?

Well, that's an evolving character. I've always wanted to dress up and wear dumb clothes, and being an actor kind of allows you to do that. When my two kids were young. I went through a phase of not dressing up and wearing those clothes, but now that they're out of the house, it's time to get the dumb clothes out again full force. So, yeah, no letup now. I'm Lawrence Welk way down deep in my heart.

And you're a game-show host now too?

I'm hosting a live game show called Last Fan Standing, which is basically a game show for geeks. None of the questions are history or geography. It's all "How much does Thor's hammer

weigh?" and stuff like that. The way we play it is everyone who comes into the theater gets a clicker, a voting device, so everybody plays. Nobody's been vetted, so anybody walking in the door could win it all. We narrow it down to four of the best after the first pre-lim round, and then we narrow it down to one winner. It's very cool.

We had the chance to showcase it at the Hard Rock Casino on the Vegas Strip. These drunk Vegas tourists, it's perfect for them. They come in with their basketball shorts and flip-flops, and away they go, pressing that buzzer. So we've had a lot of fun with it, and we've got more gigs booked with the Hard Rock, and now we're taking the show on the road. What the hell, it's time for the Wink Martindale phase of my career!

Does that gig include dumb clothes?

The dumbest! It's all these double-breasted polyester outfits, with

HORROR STARTS. YOU

CAN'T LET IT STOP."

"WE WENT TO SEE

pocket poofs and colorful stripes and pants, the whole bit. Checks on jackets. Yeah, that's an awesome look, circa 1977. The wide lapels—hell, yeah! And I don't go for the designer brands. One of the brands I like is called Blu Martini. It's a cheeseball line of clothes that I just really like and order online.

You have a new book out now too?

The book is called *Hail to the Chin: Further Confessions of a B-Movie Actor.* It's a sequel to my first book, *If Chins Could Kill: Confessions of a B-Movie Actor,* which came out in 2001. Ya know, a lot has happened in the last 15-plus years, so I thought, *Let's do another one.* It's part two of my trilogy, I think. The final *Confessions* should come out in about another 15 from now.

Bruce, you're a man of a certain age, with a certain sense of humor, so I can only assume you are a longtime HUSTLER reader?

Not HUSTLER. I'll be honest with you, HUSTLER was too intense for me. HUSTLER was too impactful, too raw, too right there. I was a *Playboy* guy—

This interview is over!

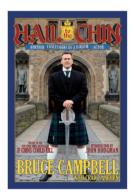
—but just because the *Playboys* were in my dad's closet. That cliché. I didn't really have to look outside my dad's closet, so I was fine

there. Before that, of course, I was looking at the Sears catalog, the brassiere section.

Dark days indeed. Finally, I understand you live in Oregon, but my question is, do you have a compound up there? Are you doing something Ash-like and preparing for the end of the world?

Ha, no, I'm not preparing for the end of the world per se, but I am very self-sufficient out there. I'll have my own power soon. I have my own water supply already, so yeah, it's a compound, but for me it's because I like to be up there, not because I need to hide from the rest of the world. It's not a heavily armed compound, I can tell you that. My mom lived up there and sort of dabbled in real estate, and we were just looking around one day. The fourth place we saw, the hair on the back of my neck just stood up. I was like "Babycakes, we're leaving L.A." Next year will be our 20th year up there.

Nice! Bruce, thank you so much for your time. Any final thoughts? Say hi to Larry for me!



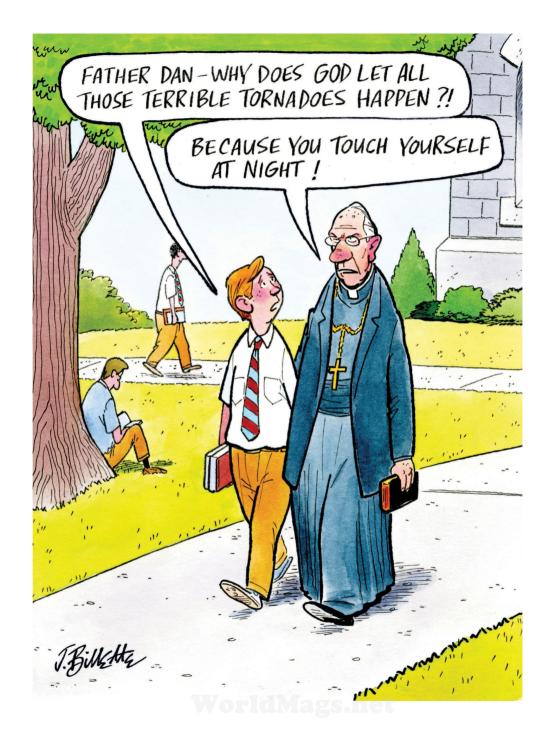
"I need to be back in Jacksonville on my second keg of beer, putting my spicy manmeat into a motherdaughter sandwich."

—Ash Williams

Watch Season 3 of Ash vs Evil Dead religiously on Starz. Pick up Hail to the Chin wherever books are sold, and of course, follow the adventures of Bruce Campbell, alias Wink Martindale, on Twitter @GroovyBruce.



"Do you have any other form of identification?





















I have no idea what he means, though I hope none of the guys plan on flapping about in puddles of ejaculate.

The production manager announces that the men will each be granted five minutes' blow time. They can come wherever they want on the women, provided they signal Al and Dave beforehand so it can be filmed. Also, fluffers will not be provided. The men are responsible for their own erections.

"Just go to your happy place, like Happy Gilmore," the manager says. "Do whatever you have to do to get there. Just relax and get a blowiob."

While the crew works out the final details of the shoot, a stout twentysomething man with glasses sits beside me and offers a hand adorned with silver nail polish.

"I'm Jack Hammer," he says with the gregarious energy of a high school dramatist. "At least for today. That's my porn name. Would you like to interview me?"

Jack tells me he will wear a mask during the shoot to protect his day job, which he says involves photographing "rock stars." He shows off \$65 worth of masks he purchased for his porn debut so he could have different costume options depending on his mood. I ask how he ended up here.

"I'm always up for trying new things and having new, weird experiences," he says. "How many people can say they were with a porn star, if only for a day?"

We both consider the rows of guys ahead of him. Jack is dead last in the lineup.

"I don't know about the group thing though," Jack says. "That part is kind of weird."

"Do you have a preference on which performer you are paired with?"

"Hell, no," Jack says. "When you go to the strip club, you aren't picky. It's whoever shows interest in you. I won't complain. It's a free blowjob. If she's willing to give it, I'm willing to take it."

"Are you worried about stage fright?"

"No, I've acted in a few regular films," Jack says. "Mainstream stuff."

"I meant, are you worried about getting a boner on command, before an audience?"

"Oh," he says, chuckling. "No. If a porn star can't get me hard, there's something fucking wrong with me."

Our conversation is cut short by audience applause as Carmen and Lauren strut out from backstage.

"Thank you all for coming!" Carmen says, throwing up her arms in greeting.

Carmen has a compact body like a gymnast, complemented by a bubble ass and long golden-brown curls. Her redheaded counterpart, Lauren, is bigger in every way, from her height to her enhanced 34DDD chest. The pair are dressed identically: black Converse All Stars, black knee-high socks, white volleyball knee pads and black one-piece swimsuits that read "Official Mouth Hugger."

Lauren makes her way through the rows, shaking hands like a politician.

"Hi, I'm Lauren Phillips," she repeats. "Hi, I'm Lauren Phillips."
The women pose for "before photos" onstage. The fans lean forward in their seats, craning their necks to get a better

view around the cameramen and lighting equipment. Several stand.

Then Lauren and Carmen kneel on the plastic tarp back-to-back. The production manager calls two names. The guys seated in two of the four chairs just off camera stand and approach. No one calls for quiet on the set. They want to record the sounds of the waiting crowd. And yet the room is quiet enough to hear the first men unfasten their belts and unzio.

One of the first fans is a short guy with a beard and long, flowing hair that he perpetually sweeps back. The other is a fit, older man who dresses decades younger than he is in a polo and tight jeans. Unlike the male porn performers I've seen on set, their cocks don't pop out like they're spring-loaded. Instead their pricks shy away from the lights and cameras. Lauren and Carmen go to work, performing mouth-to-cock resuscitation. You can feel the waiting fans collectively realize that getting hard on command, before an auditorium full of eyes and cameras and lights, is no easy thing.

"I retract my previous statement," Jack Hammer whispers to me. "Don't give me a performance review if I don't do well."





Eventually the fears of these first two fans subside beneath the force of Lauren and Carmen's persuasion. The men even grow comfortable enough to try a few stylistic flourishes gleaned from watching porn. The man with long black hair stands on tippy-toes to do some light face-fucking. Carmen keeps a firm grip on his cock to keep him from iamming himself too hard down her throat.

"This is your two-minute warning," Dave announces. "We have to move on to the next guys soon." $\label{eq:control}$

Both men pull out and masturbate vehemently until they come on the women.

Dave claps. The room follows his lead with polite applause.

Giggling, Carmen and Lauren take photos with these first fans while cum still glistens on their chests. The men exit while the women swab themselves with baby wipes and sip bottled water. Then the women drop back into position and the next two fans approach.

And so the scene proceeds, the quiet of the room accented with the sound of spitting, gagging, dirty talk and cheers. New crops of guys fill the four on-deck chairs just out of view, stage left. Their legs bounce in place while their hands are down their pants, prepping themselves for their moment in the spotlight.

I advance to a vacant chair in the front row. There I place bets with myself on each pair of guys: who will be bigger, who will get hard first, who will finish first.

An older gentleman removes his slacks to reveal a smallyet-rock-hard cock that Lauren makes short work of.

We applaud.

Another guy shoots a huge payload after a few strokes. "Yeah!" a fan yells reflexively.

We applaud.

A few fans make the mistake of removing their shoes before stepping on the bunched tarp that is slick with spilled bodily fluids.

A thin 24-year-old man who calls himself Afro Samurai steps onto the plastic. He carefully lifts his shirt over his classes and his Afro.

"This is my first blowjob," he declares, waving the shirt like a victory flag.

We applaud.

Another guy holds up his belly and arches his back to give Lauren better access to his cock. He must return to his seat when he does not finish in time.

We applaud.

Some of the fans exit the museum as soon as they finish. Others return to their seats to drape their arms over the backs of chairs and to cheer for those who follow. The finishers chat excitedly, comparing experiences and extolling the virtues of each woman. They each hope there will be time for them to get back in line, to get a blowjob from the other performer.

Afro Samurai crashes down in the seat next to me and studies the series of selfies he took with Lauren.

"Was it what you expected?" I ask.

"What?" he asks, visibly distracted by his photos. "Oh, yes. Definitely."

Spider-Man lounges behind me with his mask resting on the top of his head. He stands out to me as oddly normal. He tells me that he flew to Vegas with a few friends so they could party and so he could take advantage of #TeamBJ. He doesn't

seem like the type of guy who would have a particularly difficult time securing a blowjob on his own. I ask why he is here.

He grins and shrugs. "It was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, you know."

As a mere observer, the scene starts to get repetitive. I move to the door of the theater, where I survey the crowd a final time, searching for some common thread. What motivated these men to pay for their own travel expenses and STD screenings, just to experience a five-minute blowjob before a crowd of waiting fans and an online audience of thousands? Many are the type of hardcore fans who spend more of their time and money on porn stars than real women. Some are here to live out fantasies of being with a porn star...or of being a porn star. Some will simply take a blowjob from an attractive woman any way they can get one. Others, like me, are just here for the story.

Before exiting, I glance at the back row. Jack Hammer sits alone, hunched forward. A black boa hangs heavy around his neck. He wears his glasses over a metal-studded mask that covers his head. Another fan shoots a string of jizz across Carmen's face.

Jack joins in as we all applaud politely.















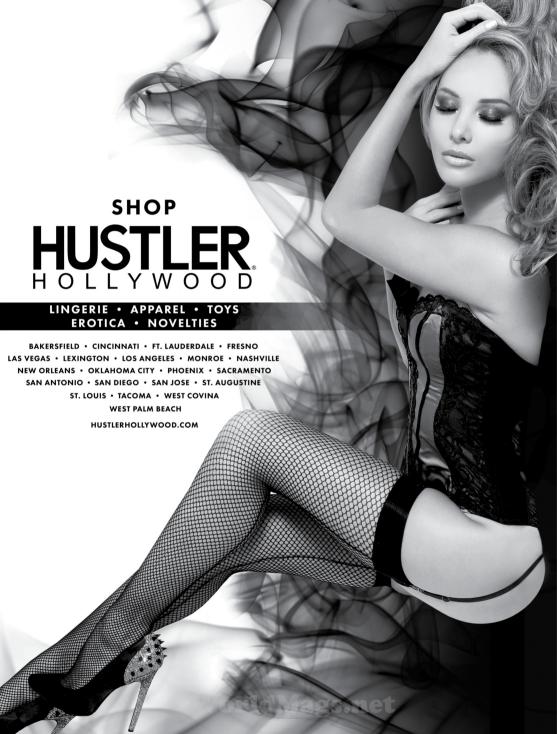


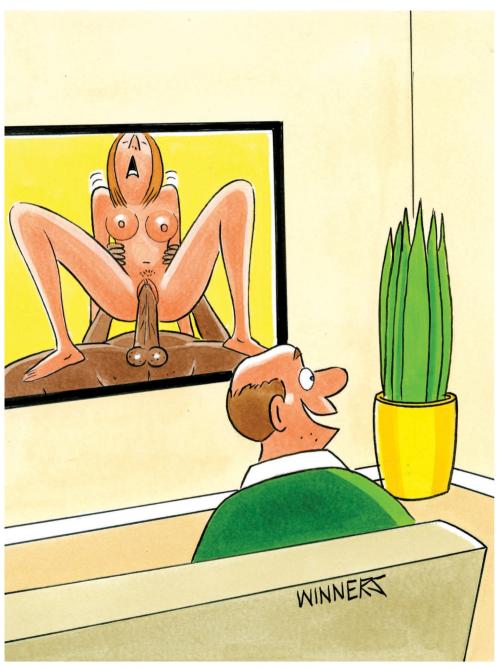












"Hey, Marge! You've gotta come see this! Our little Becky is in a movie!"



HALEY REED& ARYA FAE DOUBLE TROUBLE PHOTOGRAPHY BY F.C.













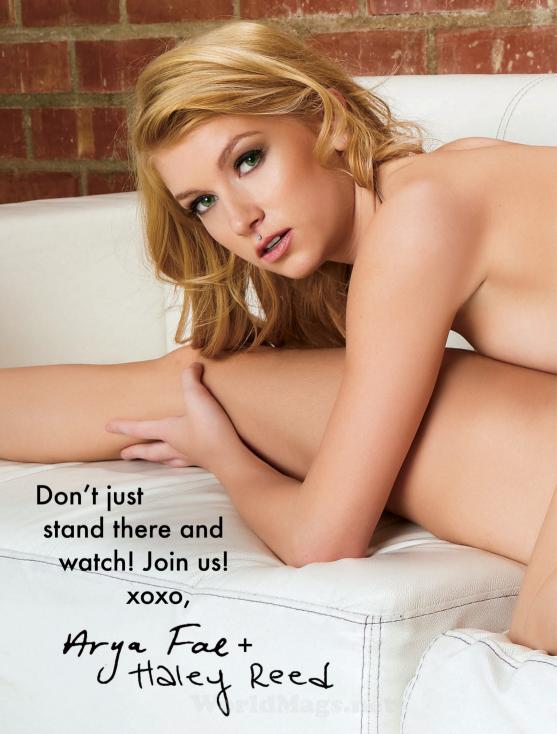
















A husband stepped into the shower just as his wife, Suzie, was getting out. Suddenly the doorbell rang. Suzie quickly wrapped herself in a bath towel and ran downstairs. When she opened the door, there stood Travis, the next-door neighbor. Before Suzie could utter a word, Travis proposed, "I'll give you \$800 to drop that towel."

After thinking for a moment, Suzie dropped her towel and stood naked in front of Travis. He admired her for a few minutes, then handed her \$800 and left.

Suzie wrapped herself in the towel again and went upstairs. When she got back to the bathroom, her husband asked, "Who was that at the door?"

"Travis from next door," Suzie replied.
"Did he say anything about the 800 bucks he owes me?"

Question: What does it mean when a man remembers the color of a woman's eyes after their first date?

Answer: She had small tits.

TWO paramedics arrived at the scene of a car crash. In the smashed vehicle the driver was howling in agony. One of the paramedics looked at him and said, "Please calm down, sir. At least you didn't go through the windshield like your passenger."

The driver screamed back, "You haven't seen what's in her mouth!"

HUSTLER Wisdom: If you ever feel powerless, keep this in mind: Just one of your pubic hairs can shut down an entire restaurant.

Tom and Janice started to have sex in the middle of a dark forest. After going at it for a while, Tom finally got up and muttered, "Damn, I wish I had a flashlight."

"Me too!" Janice exclaimed. "You've been eating grass for the past 15 minutes."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines unexpected sex as: a good thing to wake up to—unless you're in prison. When an old farmer named Lucas went to town to see a movie, the cashier asked, "What's that on your shoulder, sir?"

"That's my pet rooster Chucky," Lucas replied. "Wherever I go, Chucky goes."

"I'm sorry," the cashier said, "but we don't allow animals in the theater."

So Lucas dashed around the corner and stuffed the bird down his pants. He then returned to the theater, bought a ticket and sat down next to two middle-aged women, Mildred and Marge. As soon as the film started, the rooster began to squirm. Lucas unzipped his pants so Chucky could stick his head out and watch the flick too.

"Marge," Mildred whispered, "I think the guy next to us is a pervert."

"What's he doing?" Marge wondered.

"He unzipped his pants and has his thing out." Mildred answered.

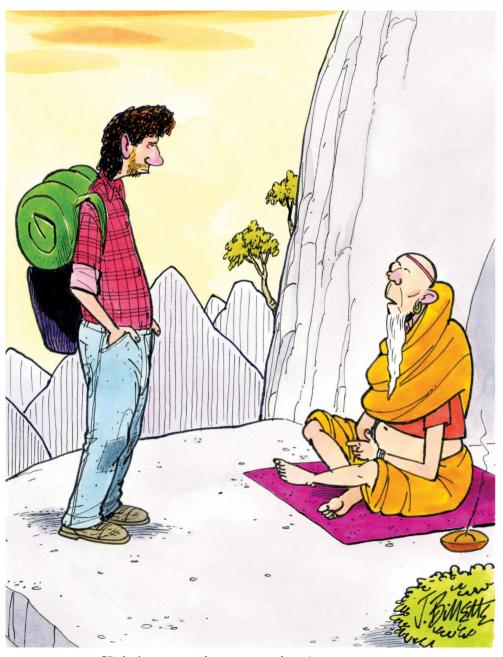
"Don't worry," Marge assured her. "At our age we've seen them all."

"I thought so too," Mildred remarked. "But this one is eating my popcorn."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your withy stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900. Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



"That reminds me...are we still going to the Grand Canyon this year?"



"I don't possess the secret to happiness, my son—but I think it has a lot to do with tight vaginas."

FETISH FUNHOUSE

DO YOU DREAM OF FEET OR THE SQUEAK OF A BALLOON ABOUT TO BURST?

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT YOUR FETISH IS SHOWING.

"TINY MAN SEEKS SKYSCRAPER-SIZE GIANTESS." "SMOKERS WELCOME."

THERE'S A FETISH FOR EVERYONE—WHAT'S YOURS?

Some words are like unpinned hand grenades. *Fetish* is just such a word. It makes people jumpy. So much so that you can't say it aloud in a crowd without incurring the kind of narrow-eyed judgment meted out by 17th-century Puritans or Joy Behar.

Fetishists are often painted as deviants and weirdos because of how they're aroused, but really, if the smell of a well-worn Manolo Blahnik is your nirvana, where's the harm? Dig deep, and you'll find most people harbor a fixation of some stripe. Fetishes can be integrated into loving, caring relationships or enjoyed among consenting adults who share a passion. Then there are those who live it and fly their freak flag with pride. Behold, the Fetish Queens—in their own words.



MAGGY LOONERS Looners-United.com Twitter: @MaggyBerLoon Instagram: @MaggyBerLoon

Facebook: LoonersUnited

Maggy BerLoon lives for high-tension moments, where fear and uncertainty blend together in an exhilarating cocktail of lust, joy

and the occasional explosion.

Maggy is a looner, or balloon fetishist. She is also the cofounder of Looners.

United, a blog community dedicated to the many shades of balloon love embraced by like-minded people the world over.

INTRO TO LOONERS

To put it simply, balloons can cause sexual feelings, but the specific triggers are entirely individual and diverse. Some people get aroused by playing with them, sitting on them, rubbing them, having sex on them...others I know just enjoy their presence or like to watch balloon play. It's all about the material, the shape, the look, the feel, the color, the flexibility and the high tension such a fragile object can take. The power to tease and push boundaries is important. You think you have full control, but you don't. A balloon can burst at any time, and this unpredictability can add excitement and thrills.

POP LIFE

Everything started when I met my husband and business partner Jan BerLoon. He is a "natural-born looner" and introduced me to the kinky, colorful world of balloons. I was surprised and pretty curious because I had never heard of it before. He blew up some large, impressive balloons, and we just started to go with the flow. It made such a powerful impact that balloons soon turned my whole world around. >>

BALLOON NATION

There are a few thousand active looners on social media. Then there's our blog, Looners United, and an online store for balloon fans, Balloons United. Not everyone is open. Some prefer to enjoy their sexuality privately, so I don't think you can ever know exactly how big the actual "dark number" is—as is the case with all kinds of kinks. But I can tell you for sure that they are all over the world, and more people are joining every day. I'm talking about people from different cultures with diverse values.

LOONER LEXICON

One thing we have in common is the name *looner*, which then became a synonym for all kinds of bal-*loon* fetishists. Other names, like *poppers* (who love bursting balloons), *nonpoppers* (who hate bursting balloons) and *semipoppers* (who lie somewhere in between) emerged to help people connect. But honestly, I'm not a big fan of labels and don't like sticking to one or the other because I don't want to limit myself.

UNDER PRESSURE

For me, it's "the bigger, the better." Big balloons are like a magnet for me. I immediately want to lie on them. For example, when you are a popper and want to perform a "blow to pop," smaller balloons (14 inches to 24 inches) are more suitable. But if you want to use it as some kind of sex swing and fuck on a balloon—which is my favorite use, by the way—big balloons, like the giant doll or airship balloon, are best. There are also crystal-clear balloons, which are quite impressive because you can look right through them and actually see the pressure. But this is just a snapshot of the fetish's many permutations. It's diverse, and preferences are pretty individual. That's why I created Wikil.oons: to bring light into the darkness.

MORE FEAR, MORE SEXY

Most videos just satisfy the male popper and are not very arousing for me. When I sit on or lie on a big balloon, I feel the soft latex, the high tension and pressure and the fear that it might pop at any time —I get aroused big time. But I go completely nuts when I get fucked at this point; the more weight, the bigger the pressure, the bigger the fear. The balloon starts swinging, and the sex intensifies with its every move. Imagine the sensation of stretching and snapping an elastic band. Sometimes I get completely disoriented, and this makes me feel like I am flying and lifts me up to a higher level of stimulation.

REYOND RIAS

Balloons are such a popular and widespread item that everyone has their own personal association with them, like a kid's birthday party. When you approach it with this bias and can't look beyond your own experiences, it can result in misconceptions. Sometimes people assume things and judge without doing any research. I'm sure there are many who think that balloon fetishists get aroused just from seeing balloons, even at a kid's birthday party. Sorry, but of course this is not the case. Imagine you are into bondage: Would you get aroused by playing skip rope? You see what I mean?

ABOUT TO BLOW

I remember this one time, early in my sexy balloon experiences, Jan slid a balloon out from his nightstand and started blowing. Our bodies were very close, and he proceeded to blow up the balloon right between us, but not give it more space to expand. Feeling the pressure increase was pure lust. He held it directly to my pussy and kept on blowing and blowing and blowing. The balloon didn't pop, but I did.

ASTRODOMINA ASTRODOMINA.com

AstroDominaVideos.com

Twitter & Instagram: @AstroDomina

At 5-5, Sydney Lee is larger than life. The West Coast domina and fetish model, in her own words, is out to "make this world a much better place to live... using my beauty, my whip and my brains." And her imagination too. Sydney, or Madame if you're nasty, specializes in a lesser known but fascinating fetish subset: giantess, vore and shrinking. They're all variations on a similar theme, whereby men request fantasies typically involving a gigantic woman who may or may not swallow you whole. Read on if you dare, puny human.





alternative lifestyles and the mysterious grew stronger and stronger as I got older. Moving to the U.S. when I was 17 made the leap to kink a whole lot easier. I cammed at first, then started producing femdom and fetish videos. After that I started doing pro-domination.

LARGE AND IN CHARGE

Quite simply, giantess is a sexual interest or fantasy involving giantesses—female giants. It's typically a male fantasy. The smaller part is usually played by males, and the bigger role is played by a female. Another word for giantess is macrophilia, which literally means "lover of large." Vore and shrinking are two subcategories of giantess. I consider them subcategories because I have never gotten requests for vore or shrinking fetish clips where I wasn't a giantess in it. Vore is a sexual fantasy about being swallowed, eaten or consumed by a giantess. I've been getting a ton of vore requests lately—my fans say I have a beautiful oral cavity. Haha!

WOW FACTOR

I'm naturally creative and theatrical. I love adding special effects to get to the next level. It also takes the right mixture of visual and audio effects to wow a giantess fan. And ultimately the power and respect they give you after they finish, that's the appeal.

FAVORITE FANTASIES

Giantess foot crush, giantess pet-slave play, giantess ass worship, giantess vore, giantess shrinks cheater boyfriend and eats him, giantess shrinks older perv brother and makes him her butt slave, giantess shrinks tiny slave pet, etc.

USE YOUR ILLUSIONS

In my experience, it's 80% video, 20% in person. I've done sessions where I played the mean giantess. I'm 5-5 barefoot. So with high heels I could be anywhere from 6 to 6-2. And I'm pretty strict when doing my role-plays—no one is allowed to break out of the role-play unless the safe word is used.

SYDNEY LEE FUCKS A SKYSCRAPER

I got a custom request where a fan wanted me to wear a strap-on and fuck a building. Another fan wanted to be shrunken down, and then my butt vacuumed him in as butt food. In a live setting, a fan wanted to touch my tongue, and he was so enthralled by my mouth, it looked like he was getting possessed. Pretty insane vet dope stuff!

RAMONA WAM, SPLOSHING RamonaFlour.com

FLOUR ModelMayhem.com/MissFlour Tumblr, Twitter & Instagram: @RamonaFlour

Fetish model Ramona Flour is a very dirty girl. But it goes with the territory when your fans are die-hard sploshers, whose love of all things wet and messy (WAM) make for some sticky good times. Ramona a former webcam model and current PR ninja for Chaturbate—is at her gooey best covered in cake batter or good old-fashioned maltodextrin. She's also sweeter than cherry pie and twice as tempting.

WET AND WILD

Camming allowed me to explore and experiment with a lot of fetishes. For my one-year anniversary show, I sat on cakes that I bought from a local bakery. In my first private WAM show with a fan, I was instructed to cover myself in two liters of lube, then make a lot of slippery, wet noises for what seemed like an eternity. My favorite WAM show to date was when my fans voted to decide who would get covered in lime green Nickelodeon-quality slime! To my pleasant surprise, my cohost lost, and I got to slime her!

A FEAST FOR THE SENSES

It might sound corny—no pun intended—and maybe I'm biased, but it's a fairly innocent fetish on the spectrum. It's sensual, It's silly, It's fun, WAM has a harmless, lighthearted kind of vibe, It's a full sensory experience. It's kind of like kicking a sand castle after you've spent time building it. On the other hand, you can find yourself feeling especially vulnerable as a partner covers you with food.

HOT IN THE KITCHEN

I'm ultra-femme and naturally creative. I love whimsy! I love comedy! I'm a domestic goddess who enjoys baking. So I wanted to bring all of that into my fetish productions. My themes are silly, borderline slapstick, and often involve anecdotes I pull from everyday life. I've also had the opportunity to work with other performers, which is super fun: I love getting to play off someone else. Fans can send some pretty elaborate scripts, and I've written some kind of ridiculous skits. Not surprisingly, all disagreements in wet and messy clips are settled with pies, and you'll see everything from clowns to swamp monsters.

TOOLS OF THE TRADE: SWEET, SAVORY AND SAFE FOR CONSUMPTION

I personally prefer dessert-type foods. My favorite for shooting is a cracker-crust whipped cream pie! My whipped cream is actually shaving cream though, because it doesn't melt under studio lights or on >>



contact with skin. Some fetishists choose savory ingredients like BBQ beans, mustard or gravy, but for me indulging in dessert feels sexy and kind of taboo. Food is not the end-all and be-all though; in lots of WAM fetish content you'll see models use slime, which is actually made with maltodextrin—a nontoxic, naturally biodegradable, safe-for-consumption, plant-derived ingredient.

THAT SINKING FEELING

There is a whole sub-niche of WAM fetishists into mud pits or quick-sand, where a model dramatically struggles to release herself from its grip. Total damsel-in-distress scenario. And if you start looking for WAM references in films and television, you'll quickly realize just how many WAM fans exist out there: the oatmeal cookie scene from *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids*, the melting Marshmallow Man from *Ghostbusters*, the quicksand in *The Princess Bride...* I can't even count how many reality TV shows have slimed people.

PLEASURE PRINCIPLE: WHEREIN LIES THE THRILL?

This is a hotly debated topic. I can't speak for the entire WAM community, but to answer this question, you have to consider who's getting messy in the scenario. The majority of WAM content is hot girls getting covered in slime. But other WAM fetishists wanna be covered in the mess themselves, so seeing an enthusiastic model sliming the guy next door is going to be the climax for them. Some people want to enjoy the sensation with their partner and ultimately engage in sex or sex play. I'm sure everyone does it differently. Personally, my WAM clips don't involve any masturbation: some don't even involve nudity.

BRAVE GOO WORLD

Funny story, an ex-boyfriend actually got me into WAM. I was already an established cam model and also working as a fetish model. He was really shy to admit it, but knew how adventurous I was, so he spilled the beans (pun intended this time). There is a lot of stigma and shame surrounding fetishes and consuming porn in general. I felt honored having someone share something so personal with me. Long story short, I eagerly watched his entire WAM porn collection. I participated in a few hot, heavy and messy sessions with him. And to my surprise, I had a lot of fun. I saw an opportunity, did my research and joined a forum, umd.net. It was the first fetish that got me really serious about producing my own content.

GODDESS SMOKING Jenilee.ca JENILEE Twitter: @Goddess_Jenilee Facebook: Jenilee.ca

Strict, sexy and glamorous to a fault, Goddess Jenilee serves up decadent discipline and leaves you begging for more. The blond stunner and pro-domme takes all kinds of requests, and that includes Marboros. Demonized publicly, this "dirty" habit can be a powerful sexual trigger—a fantasy fulfilled in the simple, elegant exhale of white smoke from between a beautiful woman's lips.

DOMME BY NATURE

I was approached by a good friend of mine, Contessa Alura, who offered me an apprenticeship I couldn't resist. Now, eight years later, I have come full circle, with apprentices of my own!

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

Generally the request is always the same: to smoke slowly and sensually, to blow some smoke in their direction, maybe to combine this with some other kinds of dominant activities, like playing with their nipples or wearing pantyhose and showing off my legs. Some people

want to be a human ashtray—that's where I ash in their mouths and make them swallow it.

I believe when people are looking at a beautiful girl exhaling puffs of smoke from her luscious lips, they aren't really thinking about the health aspects of it. But maybe that's just me. I think it's an oral fixation, something to do with the lips, the mouth, the in-and-out motion of the smoke and the visual appeal of the smoke itself. I think there is also something a little bit rebellious—even badass—about a beautiful girl sensually smoking a cigarette in front of you.

WATCHING ME. WATCHING YOU

I find it sexy, but as an ex-smoker I can't handle smoking that many cigarettes and will stop inhaling after a few puffs if someone wants me to smoke a lot. I enjoy smoking casually. I also tend to get a high out of it since I'm not used to the nicotine rush anymore. Ultimately I enjoy the feeling of power I get from the effect it has on the fetishist himself, watching me, getting turned on and weak. I love making men feel weak in front of me. I love being in control.





REBECCA aka BECKY BERARDI—FEET BadassBeckyShow.com

BERARDI YouTube: TheBeckyMovie Instagram: @BadAssBeckyShow

All hail Queen Becky! From her gorgeous red hair right down to her dainty little toes. Rebecca Berardi is 20 pounds of fun in a ten-pound bag, which is to say that she loves what she does and it shows. The beloved, beautiful foot fetish icon is host of The BadAss Becky Show on YouTube, and her size 5 tootsies are worshiped by loval fans the world over.

BABY STEPS

Like all good origin stories, mine is full of happy accidents and finding opportunities to better serve a community that I was already enthusiastic about. My executive producer and I teamed up in 2012 to produce an independent feature film. Once we put out our first teaser, we quickly realized how the thing that resonated most with people was my pretty feet! We postponed the film and decided instead to focus our attentions on creating something unique for foot enthusiasts—and from there The BadAss Becky Show was born!

HEART AND SOLE

I get so much joy from what I do! To be honest, a big part of my pleasure comes from the daily stories I hear from fans. People have become more confident in their sexuality, and relationships have been changed —even saved—through better communication surrounding this topic. and that's wonderful.

FOR FEET'S SAKE

Why feet? Why not? Ha! I think there are many reasons why they're fetishized, and it ranges from person to person—the beauty of their structure, the way we dress them up and strip them down. I also think it's a part of the body we pay a lot of attention to, but that feels taboo once you admit your feelings are more than an appreciation for their utilitarian purpose. The women's shoe industry alone has one job: making women's feet look beautiful! And nail salons want to give you babysoft feet. Why? Because feet are sexy!

ALTAR OF THE ARCH

The world of foot fetishism is so vast! The simple statement "I have a foot fetish" is always followed up by further questions from me. You can love the look of feet-maybe it's toes or perhaps a pair of sexy, wrinkly soles. Some people find the scent of smelly feet arousing, while others prefer them odorless. Don't forget shoes and nylons and, of course, the power-exchange dynamic.

FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY-FREE

What I love about my show is that it's a platform for anyone who's open-minded and looking for encouragement to explore their desires and sexuality. So many people hide who they are and never actually say what they want or need. I love creating a space that's free of judgment while being a fun, flirty and accepting place for all.

NORMAL IS A SIX-LETTER WORD

The biggest stereotype associated with foot fetishism is probably true of any kink or fetish that someone doesn't understand; it immediately marks the fetishist as a freak or pervert. And that's simply not the case! I remind my fans all the time that liking feet doesn't make you a freak-it makes you unique!

FUN AND GAMES

A couple stories that stand out in particular are foot fetish dates with cross-dressers who wanted to wear matching pantyhose and play footsie; good little subbies who enjoy slurping up their tributes postsession. and a gentleman who booked out an entire evening at Becky's Boutique to worship all seven foot babes, including me!

BIANCA LATEX & RUBBER Bianca Beauchamp.com

BEAUCHAMP Twitter: @BiancaBeauchamp Instagram & Facebook: @Bian-

caBeauchampModel

There are icons, and then there are Icons. Bianca Beauchamp is the latter. The ruling doven of fetish fashion, her enduring reign casts a very, very long shadow. Bianca's name is synonymous with latex and rubber fashion—on the red carpet, in the boudoir and all the sexy occasions in between. Lady B loves her second skin.

A TALE OF TWO TEXTILES

Rubber and latex are materials both made from rubber tree sap. They are basically the same, yet in the fetish industry we distinguish between the two. The thicker it is, the more we speak in terms of rubber. and the thinner it is, the more we call it latex. Specific types of clothing, such as boots or coats, will usually require a thicker material, rubber. But in the end it's a matter of personal taste. I personally prefer the flexibility and freedom of movement that thin latex provides, while rubber is much more restrictive.

INNOVATORS AND INFLUENCERS

I was the very first model to start a website devoted to the latex fetish. This was when the web was still very young, in 1998. That's right: >>

I'm vintage! Before I chose to focus my whole career on this specific niche, latex was not very well known and restricted mostly to fetish magazines like Marguis and Skin Two, both sold at sex shops. There weren't many latex designers at the time, so you were limited in terms of color and style, not to mention price. Today latex comes in a wide variety of colors, styles and price ranges. I'm happy I was there at the beginning and proud of the recognition I receive from my peers.

WHAT'S A VACUUM BED?

Imagine a huge pocket or envelope made of rubber, big enough for a person to slip into. The person lies on their back and then breathes through a tube while all the air is sucked out manually with a vacuum. The more air that's pumped out, the more the rubber wraps tightly up against your body, making it almost impossible to move. The pressure of the latex next to your skin actually makes you feel much lighter, as if you were floating in space with zero gravity. You can't see, hear or move: you feel vulnerable.

For me, the best part is when the other person or persons in the room play with me-I'm at their mercy, fingernails running all over my latexed body. When they rub ice cubes all over me. I get shivers of pleasure that go straight to my brain.

THE SKINNY ON HEAVY RUBBER

Heavy rubber is a way to hypersexualize the body of the wearer. It's actually a term invented and popularized by world-famous fetish photographer Peter Czernich. He came up with it to disassociate fashion and glamour latex from the type of outfits that have a more raw, sexual vibe to them. To qualify as heavy rubber, the outfit generally requires a mix of certain elements: a corset, a hood, gas masks, thigh-high boots, harnesses, a pony hood, pony hooves, trench coats, etc. And the more layers of rubber you wear, the more heavy rubber you become. Personally, I enjoy glamorous latex fashion when I attend fetish events. but when it comes to a night of good, raunchy sex, I'm a sucker for heavy rubber.

BECAUSE IT FEELS RIGHT

The biggest misconception about latex fetishists is that we are all into BDSM as well. That's not true. Some people like to indulge in BDSM play while they wear rubber or latex clothing, but others just enjoy



"Ask him what he does. And how long he does it."



wearing it for the look and feel alone. It's like when you finally tell someone that you have a latex fetish, they often picture you with a flogger in your hand or a ball gag in your mouth. Generally that's not the case.

DATE NIGHT

Dress me up in a thin latex catsuit with a crotch zipper for easy access; add a pair of rubber boots, some latex gloves and a hood; and I feel like I just transformed into a human sex doll ready for deprayed, kinky sex all night. I remember one of my favorite experiences: Me and my boyfriend at the time dressed up in our catsuits, and we both got inside a twometer-high clear balloon I had bought online. It was really hard for the both of us to squeeze in there together, but we managed to do it and immediately started fucking like rabbits, knowing we had only ten minutes of oxygen, give or take. That was a really hot night. And just so you know, someone else was present to make sure we didn't have an accident. I love my crazy experiences, but always be safe.





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FIRST TIMERS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: VIOLET MONROE, NORAH NOVA, CHRISTIANA CINN, ALEXA GRACE, MARK ZANE, BRAD KNIGHT, DERRICK PIERCE, AARON WILCOXXX & CHAD ALVA.



It's unclear what the stars' maiden experience in First Timers is supposed to be. Sex? Not on your grandma's liver-spotted taint. Porn? Unlikely-even with each other. But setting aside the niggling concerns of titular logic, there are some thrills to be had here. Such as pale-skinned, copper-topped trollop Violet Monroe, who sports an expansive patch of pubes that spreads above her pussy like a condor's wings. Monroe jerks the two dicks presented to her like a retiree working the slot machines in Atlantic City before she's cracked open like a wishbone for a double-stuffing. Bouncybutted, nubile Norah Nova deserves special props-is there a less erotic name than Norah, aside from possibly Mildred or Agnes? Nonetheless, Nova overcomes the hurdle of dick-deflating nomenclature one thirsty gulp of her partner's prong at a time. The girl gets folded up like origami as she's put through the sexual wringer. Wideeyed brunette Christiana Cinn is a bit thick-waisted, but with luscious tits like rolling hills, she makes up for it. The dude she's matched up with has a wrinkled ball sac that looks like a roasted marshmallow, but that's of little consequence. Watching Cinn's firm glutes bounce atop his prong is ample compensation, and Cinn works like a dog with a steak just out of reach to coax a milky load from her assigned pecker. Initial reservations aside, First Timers is worth a second look. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit HustlerStore.com. -Pico D. Ribibi

ALEXA GRACE



HARDCORE SHOWCASE











MANUEL FERRARA'S RIPE 4

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MANUEL FERRARA. STARRING: HALEY REED, RILEY STAR, JILL KASSIDY, ANYA OLSEN & MANUEL FERRARA.



Anyone who's picked through the supermarket peach bin, searching for the most succulent specimen to devour, will appreciate *Manuel Ferrara's*

Ripe 4. As with any batch of fruit, there will be some rot to work around, Modest-titted, sweet-faced blonde Haley Reed, despite being born in 1996, initially comes across as more world-weary than her age would warrant. But then, knowing that one is about to be subjected to the carnal savagery of Manuel Ferrara might dampen anyone's joie de vivre a tad. Still, Reed boasts juicy butt cheeks and a plump snatch, and once Ferrara begins to work her over, she sparks to life. The stud plays whack-a-mole with Reed's tonsils for a bit before hammering at her twat harder than a GOP senator taking aim at the working class. He wrings Reed's titties as he scours her bung like a meth-charged Roto-Rooter technician, and when he pulls out, her colon gurgles contentedly. Riley Star is a touch on the plain-Jane side of things. Even so, Ferrara makes the most of it, giving Star's throat a little choke while drubbing her guim and fingering her dirt chute. Eventually he splatters her face like the Jackson Pollock of pop-shots. Anya Olsen might have viewers' thumbs scrambling for the fast-forward button, but luckily Ripe 4 winds things up with a special treat. Jill Kassidy. Cheerleader-cute and gymnast-limber, tight-bootied Kassidy showcases her flexibility on the yoga mat before doing naked squats on Ferrara's meat mast. In summary, Ripe 4, though not always mouthwatering, is an adequate pick.





HARDCORE SHOWCASE

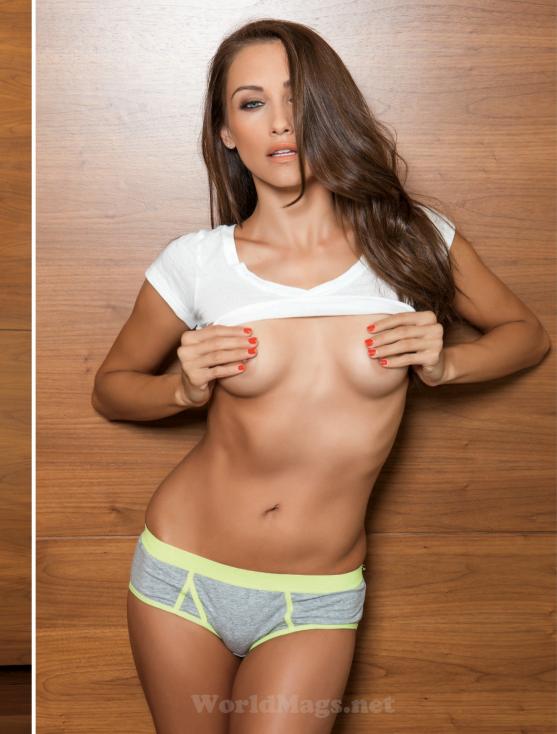
































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BEAVER HUNT



EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN



JESSIE WYLDE

Jessie Wylde, 18, from Gainesville, Florida, has a fave biblical passage, even though she admits, "I'm not very religious. I just picked it out of a book at a tattoo parlor." But only those who see the 5-foot-6 cam girl without a stitch—or fuck her in the missionary or cowgirl position—can read what's inscribed inches from her pussy: "She is clothed in strength and laughs without fear of the future." That's Proverbs 31:25, folks, and it's truly a righteous self-assessment. "I want to suck 2,018 dicks in 2018," vows the beach and hiking with thusiast. "I love getting on my knees and worshiping a penis with my mouth." Can Jessie, who's hankering to be a skin-biz harlot, average almost six BJs a day? "I'll give it my best shot," she insists. "I'm strong and motivated, but I have a sense of humor too. Maybe I'm just being tongue-in-cheek." —*Photos by Omnia Productions*











CATRINA & LEXIE

"Catrina and I have great chemistry," marvels Lexie James, 29, from Huntington Beach, California. "She has so much sexual experience. I love submitting to her and being taught new things. She's gorgeous and a lot of fun to be with." That's apparent as the 5-foot-3 Latina, a 2017 Beaver of the Year finalist, cozies up with her fellow legal courtesan at Nevada's Love Ranch North. Catrina Costa, 52, is a Kitsap County, Washington, native with two master's degrees and a mastery of fellatio. "I'm known for my Texas Tongue Twirl blowjobs," the 5-foot-5 baking and travel buff boasts, "and being able to handle more than one man at a time. I really enjoy dicks! I also love hosting bi-friendly gangbang parties where everyone leaves with a smile." Lexie reveals the ladies' dual fantasy: "Catrina and I go on a cruise, pleasuring each other in our cabin night and day, then inviting the captain and first mate to join us on a hard-pounding voyage." —*Photos by Friend*















BRIDGET

April 20 is Weed Day, but we'll make it a month-long buzz by showcasing marijuana consultant Bridget, 32, from Eugene, Oregon. "I love being naked," the 5-foot-5 Beaver Stater avows, "especially when others can see me. Sharing is caring," Of course, that's the pothead mind-set. "I've found that everything in life is more enjoyable when I'm high as fuck," Bridget admits. "I think everyone would get along much better if recreational marijuana was legalized in all 50 states; people would be more chill. I cultivate my own garden of greens; it's calming. And when I'm not tending to those chill ladies, I'm either reading a good book or hanging with my blond best friend, who loves sex, grass and stoner movies as much as I do. My favorites are Cheech and Chong's Up in Smoke, Super Troopers, Half Baked, The Big Lebowski and Grandma's Boy." Nevertheless, bi gal Bridget takes her cannabis advocacy seriously: "There are medical benefits I won't even begin to list because I would run out of space. Another argument is the huge sums of money spent to track and incarcerate sellers and users of marijuana. Crime associated with the substance would drop as legitimate commerce becomes profitable, like alcohol at the end of Prohibition. Colorado legalized weed five years ago. Hell did not freeze over, and the world did not end. In fact, the state is doing some damn good shit for its residents with the windfall in tax revenue. It's time the federal government passed not only a joint around, but the nationwide legalization of cannabis as well." -Photos by Friend



"When I'm high as fuck, I'm more open-minded to trying new things I may have previously thought no way Jose to. I'm pretty sure I was stoned the first time I tried anal sex."



competition between me and my best friend. I've been told many times that I give awesome blowjobs. I have no gag reflex-'nuff said!"

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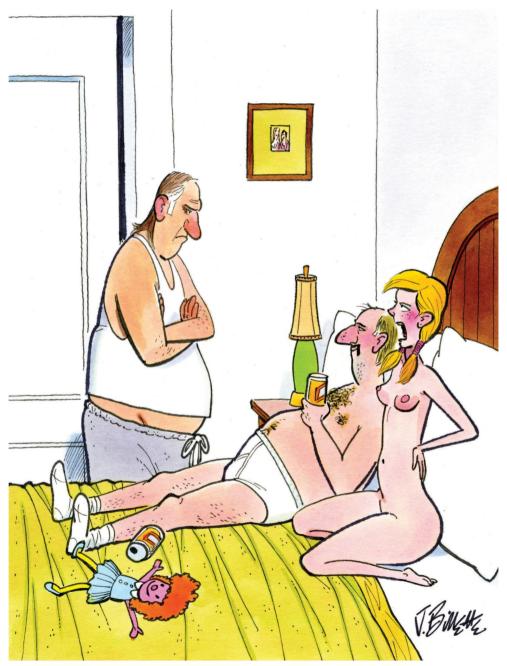












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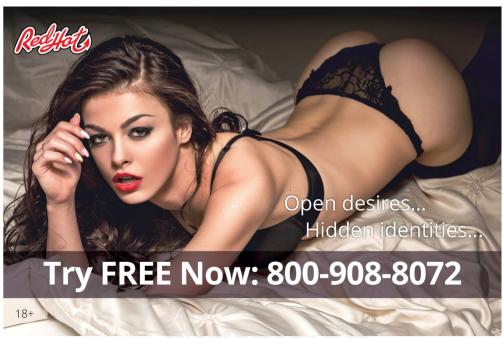














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mooth, sleek and shiny in her clinging latex cat suit, Ginger gazes at herself in the monitor. She knows they're watching, stroking, wanting.

One lucky viewer will actually get to serve her, eventually. First, everybody gets to watch her swish her whip in the air, caress her own curves, then slowly tug at the zipper that splits the suit right from the crotch. Time for Ginger to show off the treasures for which the well-heeled suitors will bid.

The pretty metallic toy encourages **Ginger**'s natural exhibitionism. She loves to show off her anatomy. The vibrations stiffen her clit instantly, its swelling clearly visible on the screen. Teasing open her lower lips, **Ginger** displays her hungry twat. It won't be easy for the lucky winner to earn his way there. He'll need to demonstrate his sincerity under the whip.

Ginger slowly drills her ass with the vibe. She can do whatever pleases her, and anal penetration pleases her more than almost anything. The dirty, full feeling of having her ass stretched and packed always sends her over.

Sweating and panting under the rubber, Ginger's eager for the tongue that will lick her clean from tits to toes. Some lucky fuck will find out that she's equally slick and gleaming inside and out. Who will it be?







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